Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once when in an angry parle
He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought, to worke Iknow not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion.
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes.
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubiect of the Land,
And with ſuch daily coſt of brazen Cannon
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweatie haſte
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,
Who iſt that can informe me?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride.
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie
Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,

Had

6 ſmote 21 labourer.
8 iump. 10 particular 14 ſtrikt 18 ſhipwrights
31 heraldy